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Worship and Instruction, whose "brutality and insolence, hatred of all science and pernicious activity" excited his contempt. Humboldt lived consistently, as all men do who think more about truth than of themselves, and he lived long enough to be recognized and indorsed by his contemporaries. It is fortunate for the cause of social progress that this correspondence sees the light during the life of those parties affected by it, who have committed themselves in commendation of their judge. It will humble a good many "Sir Oracles" in the world of thought, besides "the lords of pride and power." In this age of gilded conceit, society is benefited more by a lash of this sort than by any of the "honorable mentions" which the world allows to its butterfly favorites after death.

NUGAMENTA, a Book of Verses, by George Edward Rice. J. G. Tilton & Co., Boston.

On contemplating a picture, one very soon determines as to whether or not the painter of it is equal to his subject. If we place an artist on a level with his subject, we may fail to be impressed by him; if we are content to relish his feeling, wherever it may be revealed with greatest power, we then take pleasure in his performance. The same rule applies to poetic effusions. One advantage the poet possesses over the artist is, that he can give us, within book-covers, a gallery of diverse subjects, and let us please ourselves. The author of *Nugamenta* seems to us to be most successful in pieces provoked by a love of humor: the thoughts he would have us accept from the deep sea of reflection and sentiment are not so happily suggestive. Of the former class we would mention "A Night in the Rural Districts," "An Answer to an Invitation to Dine," and the paraphrases of conundrums and similar witticisms based on punning, called "Old Wine in New Bottles." From the latter collection we take the following:

"Said Johnson, this galvanized goblet of lead
Shall be his who can soonest assemble
His wits, and say when can a candle be said
A tombstone at all to resemble.
Then Jackson replied, with successful endeavor,
Extending his hand for the cup,
That a candle resembles a tombstone whenever
'Tis for any late husband set up."

"The Pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The sand which is around him.
It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did not we know the sons of Ham
Were bred and mustered there."

"In a rage to the office of Counsellor B.
Rushed a gallant militia commander
To learn whether "Jackass," as oft he was called,
Was a ground for an action of slander;
The lawyer replied, "In some cases the term,
If not slanderous, at least is pseudonymous,
But in yours (and for this I shall make you no charge),
I consider it merely synonymous."

"Once, at a feast, when jokes flew round
Much thicker than the flies,
The host had doubts if he should carve
The mutton *saddlewise*,

And therefore turned to Theodore Hook,
The celebrated Wit,
Who answered "*Bridlewise*, for in
My mouth will be a bit."

LEAVES OF GRASS, by Walt Whitman. Eldridge & Thayer, Boston.

It seems as if the author of *Leaves of Grass* had converted his mind into a mental reservoir by tumbling into it *pêle-mêle* all the floating conceits his brain ever gave birth to. He manifests no other sign of mental capacity; for we find no trace of judgment, taste, or healthy sensibility in the work. It is a book of poetry such as may well please twenty-one year old statesmen and philosophers, and people who pride themselves more in being able to read and write than able to think. Such poetry (!) is characteristic of a country like ours, where there is abundance of everything to eat and drink, and to wear, and good pay for labor.

NORTON'S HANDBOOK TO EUROPE; or, How to Travel in the Old World, by J. H. Siddons. Charles B. Norton, New York.

To one of our countrymen about to visit Europe, a general idea of the journey is of more service than an elaborate map of it. In this portable book, Mr. Siddons sums up European attractions in a sort of lively, hop-skip-and-jump style, without that confusion of "interesting details," which perplexes the traveller so much in the larger compendiums of travel. He names routes, hotels, sights, and scenes, in such a way as to relieve the traveller, by furnishing something to *start* with, a matter of more consequence than is generally supposed.

PUBLISHING GOSSIP.—There has been little doing in the world of books, here in New York, during the past month. That is, little worthy of extensive notice. The sensation publishers have been seized with the Presidential fever, which has broken out virulently, in an avalanche of biographies, setting forth the innumerable quantity of virtues the various candidates for President are possessed of, but not a word of their shortcomings. We pity the poor fellows who get up these windy works; we pity the publishers who publish them, and we pity the credulous people who read them. Good old Abe Lincoln, seems to have been a difficult subject to treat, and the literary gentleman who performed the task (we mean the man who wrote the biggest one) seems to have had more than he bargained for in finding something to interest the reader. There is no romance in flatboating and rail-splitting, nothing to improve the understanding, tickle the fancy, and stir our patriotism until it fairly boils, which is essential to a well-contested campaign. If we had an enemy to punish vigorously, we would compel him to read the various editions of the Life of honest Abe Lincoln, for at least a month.

The lives of Messrs. Bell and Everett, who have expressed their willingness to act for us in Washington, are said to be quite equal to standard literature. Bell's Life, it is charged, has been somewhat curtailed by his publisher, who had more faith in Everett, whose life he made twice as long, this being the only means left him of showing his contempt for the convention that made the nomination. We forgot to mention that with Lincoln the great trouble was how to get his life long enough for two shillings. To do this it was found necessary to give a full and accurate history of the sweeps he pulled the flat-boat with. A very highminded publisher, who boasts that he never in his life published the life of a Presidential candidate—who was content to get rich by republishing English works he forgot to pay copyright on—says he wishes our enlightened